# Requiem by Robert Louis Stevenson

undefinedNDER the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:

*Here he lies where he longed to be;*

*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,*

*And the hunter home from the hill.*